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THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

RETURNING from America to Europe last year, I happened to have for a fellow-passenger a German officer. "Ja wohl!" remarked this military servant of Kaiser Wilhelm, "it is truly a great country, this American Republic. I have seen its Congress, I have mounted high in an elevator, I have drunk beautiful lager beer, I have seen swine slaughtered by machinery, I have slept in the car of Pullman, I have voyaged in a river steamer grand as a palace, I have seen a torchlight procession three miles long. But, dear sir, in all this great country I have seen no army. Where is the garrison of New York? Where the garrison of Washington? Where the guard corps of this mighty nation, that sixteen years ago had some two millions of men under arms? Yes, I have seen not a few generals, and the country undoubtedly possesses numerous colonels; but where are its legions, where its masses of infantrymen, where its cuirassiers, its uhlans, its hussars? Why, there was not so much as a solitary sentry on the Schloss of the President!"

The surprise of the Prussian Hauptmann was not to be wondered at. Of no nation which maintains a standing army are the troops so little *en evidence* as are those of the United States. Probably two-thirds of the population of the republic never saw so much of its army as a company of line infantry. The Hauptmann's comments occasioned me to overhaul my own experiences. I had spent a whole winter in the United States, and traveled over two-thirds of them; but I could not remember that during that time I had seen a corporal's guard of the regular army. At the capital, it is true, there had been imposing evidence that the republic really does own an army. The lodging of no war department in the world can compare for spacious splendor with that palace over against the White House, in which the American Secretary of War and the American General of the Army have

their official head-quarters. If, indeed, military bureaux were to be accepted as a display of military strength, it could be in the mouth of no visitor to Washington to aver that he had seen nothing of the American army. There is a district of that beautiful metropolis in which it seems that almost every second building is occupied by some branch or other of military or quasi-military administration. And if the number of civilian employés finding occupation (or salaries) in these various bureaux were to be taken as the criterion of the strength of the army in whose administration they are engaged, the assumption would be natural that the army of the United States is as the sands of the sea-shore for multitude. But Washington can show not even the ha'p'orth of army bread to all this quantity of administrative sack. The General of the Army nails a utilitarian sign on the basement of his private residence, indicating that his "office" is within, but no sentry promenades the pavement in front. If the divisional head-quarters are visited, there is found there scarcely more show of military formality. On Governor's Island General Hancock can, it is true, listen to the sounds of the bugle, and hear the report of the morning and evening gun; but the Chicago head-quarters of General Sheridan's command, that stretches from the Lakes to the Gulf and covers an area larger than the continent of Europe, are located in the rented second floor of a mercantile building. The superficial observer might carry away the impression that the American army bears a striking resemblance to the tadpole, in that it has a very big head and very little body, were he not in the course of his casual reading to come across the fact that its annual cost to the country amounts to some forty million dollars. He reflects that on an annual expenditure of only twelve and a half millions more, Germany maintains a standing army of 420,000 men, with the machinery for increasing that strength to a million within a single week; and the conclusion is forced upon him that there must be an American army somewhere, if only he can find it.

If the observer happens to be a Briton, there is for him a special interest in the discovery and study of the American army. It happens that the march of improvement in the art of killing has left the United States and Great Britain the only two countries of the civilized world whose standing armies are professional, in contradistinction to national armies. And there is this additional similarity, that the armies of these two countries are the only

armies of any important state of the civilized world, whose duties in the nature of things must be confined to defensive and police work, in contradistinction to that other *métier* of armies, aggression or reprisals directed against a foreign enemy, if that enemy have any claim to military respectability. I do not apprehend that Americans will make demur to this definition. That Indian warfare in which the American army is fitfully engaged is strictly within its limits; and even in the amusement with Mexico, a State that scarcely can claim military respectability, a volunteer force was employed. To my countrymen it may not be wholly palatable, but this circumstance does not affect its accuracy. An empire which (exclusive of the Indian establishment) has a standing army only one hundred and thirty thousand strong, of which a large proportion is absorbed in colonial duty and foreign garrison service from Halifax to Sydney, and from Gibraltar to Hong Kong, cannot in sanity adventure on land hostilities against any of the great military powers, that can put into the field divisions against that empire's regiments, army corps against its brigades. Britain may engage in important warfare, it is true, as an ally of one of the great military powers; but in doing so her attitude, in a numerical sense, must be that of a mere auxiliary, so long as she adheres to a professional, in contradistinction to a national army. It remains that, in essentials, the *rôle* of her army must mainly be police work on a large scale. Of this character in effect were her recent troubles in South Africa, both with the Zulus and the Transvaal Boers; and the manner of her disposal of these was scarcely such as to encourage in the most sanguine a belief of her ability to emerge with credit from more serious enterprises.

By far the larger proportion of the American army is on service westward of the Missouri River. The explorer in search of it will probably gravitate in the first instance to Fort Leavenworth, because that fort, standing as it does on the margin of the farther bank of the great river, is the readiest of access to the wayfarer from the east, and also because he will find there the head-quarters of one of the four departments that comprise the "Division of the Missouri." At Fort Leavenworth he will find a general officer in command, whose personal experiences have been widely varied, and whose accumulated wealth of information on military topics in the Far West is equaled only by his courteous readiness to communicate that information; he

will find also a school of instruction for officers that bids fair, as it develops—at present it is only in its first youth—to take rank as a staff college of a high order; and he will find, too, a military prison which will furnish the investigator—he being a Briton—with some curious material for comparison and contrast.

Since the rack and the knout were abolished, there is, perhaps, no more terrible institution in the world than a British military prison. Its spirit is relentlessly punitive. It makes pariahs of its entrants by the wanton cropping of their hair to the very bone. The “good” prisoner finds his only reward in exemption from prison punishment; the violator of the minutest rule of the complicated code of prison discipline expiates his offense in punishment with stern inevitability and inflexible severity. Labor that is ostentatiously useless, and therefore doubly irksome, is the somber alternative to yet more somber solitary confinement; the prison fare is meager and monotonous to a degree incredible on this side of the Atlantic. No good conduct avails the prisoner toward the mitigation of his sentence; he has to “dree his weird” to the last hour. And when release comes to him, unless his crime has been heinous enough to have earned him the consummation of dishonorable discharge from the army on the conclusion of his term of punishment, he goes back into the ranks, it may be inspired with so wholesome a horror of the military prison that he vows never again to incur the risk of entering its gloomy portals; but more often with a sullen desperation, increased in most cases by the hopeless burden of debt curtailing his pay, that makes him worthless as a soldier, and that prompts him to no matter what recklessness of effort to break the hated bonds that hold him to military service.

Had Fort Leavenworth military prison been designed as a contrast to this picture, the radical differences between it and a British military prison could not be stronger. Before its portals are reached, the prisoner destined for it has generally ceased to be a soldier. Adjudicated to be not worth keeping in the army, and for the sake, too, of simplifying the company books, he has been written off his regiment as “dishonorably discharged,” before he comes under the surveillance of Major Blunt. Once inside the prison, his hair is left unto him, and he is assigned quarters in an airy barrack-room, far more comfortable than the tent or adobe hut which, as likely as not, he had been occupying

when with his company. Here he has his bed from the first night, and the liberty of unrestrained conversation with his fellow-prisoners. His food is the liberal ration issued to the American soldier, better indeed than the ration which the latter eats in remote stations, and supplemented in season by the produce of the prison garden tilled by the prisoners themselves. He eats this food in the company of his fellows, in a spacious dining-hall, equipped in a fashion so civilized as would shame a British barrack-room. The labor to which he is put is some handicraft, the practice of which meanwhile has a rational interest for him, and the conversance with which, acquired in prison, may furnish him with an honest livelihood when again he shall be a free man. He is treated in every way as a rational being, rather than, as is the case with a British military prisoner, as a dog that has misbehaved and that is ever watching for a chance to misbehave again. He is allowed an individual freedom of action that is simply startling to the British observer of him; said freedom of action complicated only by the outer wall and by the bullets in the rifles of the prison guard. Occasionally, although rarely, he "plays the fool," and declares that he will work no more. Still he is treated, not as the misbehaving dog, but as the normally rational being suffering under a temporary aberration. He is brought into the presence of the Governor, who "has a talk with him," pointing out to him the folly of his conduct, and the consequences thereof. Save in exceptional instances, this expedient restores him to reason; if it does not, a course of dark cell and bread and water produces the result; and he returns to the shoemaker's shop or the smithy a wiser and probably a better man. By good conduct he can shorten considerably his term of confinement. When that expires, he goes out into the world, supplied with a suit of decent clothes—for it is held cruelty to stamp him with a convict brand—the possessor of a small sum of money, and of a railway warrant for his conveyance to the place of his enlistment. Yet further to mark his rehabilitation, if his prison conduct has been exemplary, he receives a certificate that entitles him to reënlist in the army, if he should have the inclination so to do.

Now, I have no wish or intention to contrast the American treatment of the military prisoner with the British treatment of him, in a sense unfavorable to the latter. "Different nations, different treatment"—that is all the length I care to go. Were

I to argue for the adoption of the American system in the British prison, there would confront me the conclusive reply, that such adoption would convert the British military prison into a paradise to which half the army would aspire, and the joys of which, once tasted, would be relinquished with reluctance, and pantingly striven for again. That this would be but too true, I am sadly conscious, because I know that there are men in the British army who prefer even a British military prison, to the performance of their duty in the ranks. But it by no means follows, because the treatment of Fort Leavenworth would be a paradise to a large proportion of the British rank and file, that it is other than a severe punishment to the misdemeanants of the American army. So far as my discernment goes, the spirit of the people of this republic has this characteristic, that simple deprivation of liberty is to all, except debased habitual criminals, so hard a punishment in itself, that severer inflictions engrafted thereon would simply be wanton refinements of cruelty. In this view Fort Leavenworth prison is no elysium to the soldier of the American army; and that that is true is confirmed by the fact that few candidates for its joys present themselves a second time, and that these few are almost invariably foreigners.

Paradoxes are the stumbling-block of the inquirer; and Fort Leavenworth prison throws in his path a formidable paradox, or rather, indeed, a whole handful of paradoxes. I have tried to explain why it is no elysium to the soldier of the American army; but, notwithstanding, I found it full. It holds close on five hundred prisoners; its walls inclose over two per cent. of the actual enlisted strength of the American army. How comes this about? The soldier must know that in committing military crime he risks the hated doom of suspension of liberty within the walls of Fort Leavenworth. Is there, then, in the American army any great proportion of reckless perpetrators of military crime? The reply comes that no army in the world exhibits greater subordination, greater habitual temperance, more intelligent discipline, a greater absence, in fine, of all military crime, save, always, crime of one specific complexion. Of the five hundred inmates of Fort Leavenworth, nine-tenths, roughly speaking, are recaptured deserters. Small as is the authorized strength of the American army, it is always below that strength, partly because of paucity of recruits, partly because of desertions. One com-

pany commander out in New Mexico told me he lost twelve men by desertion in three months; a maintenance of which rate for eight months longer would have wiped his company clean out of existence, but for reënforcement by recruits. The five hundred inmates of Fort Leavenworth are only a feeble proportion of the grand total of deserters. They are but the unlucky ones who get caught, and, as the American soldier who deserts does not propose to get caught if he can help it, his recapture is rather the exception than otherwise.

"Plenty to do and little to get," was Mr. Sam Weller's depreciatory summary of the character of his service at the "White Hart." The definition is a succinct explanation of the cause for a great deal of the desertion which prevails in the British army. Is it applicable to the lot of the American soldier? Do men hold back from the American army, do men desert from it in surprising numbers, and do men who have not deserted quit it, for the most part, on the expiration of one term of service, because its advantages are inadequate and its conditions severe? Let us go into the matter.

The pay of the American soldier is thirteen dollars a month at the outset, fourteen dollars in his third year of service, fifteen in his fourth, and sixteen in his fifth. His ration, to the foreigner, is startling in its fullness and variety, with its "twelve ounces pork or bacon, or one and a quarter pounds salt or fresh beef, one pound six ounces soft bread or flour, or one pound hard bread, or one and a quarter pounds corn meal; and to each one hundred rations, fifteen pounds beans or peas, and ten pounds rice, ten pounds green coffee, or six pounds roasted and ground coffee, or one pound eight ounces tea, fifteen pounds sugar, four quarts vinegar, one and a quarter pounds candles, four pounds soap, three and three-quarter pounds salt, four ounces pepper, thirty pounds potatoes, one quart molasses." There is "working pay" for him to earn, at the rate of twenty-five cents a day for unskilled, fifty cents a day for skilled labor. He enlists for the moderate term of five years; so that if he dislikes the service, his release is in the not far-off future. When, after that term, he is discharged without discredit, he stands entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of Government land, which holding becomes his absolute property on a residence thereon for one year. Nor need he be destitute of adequate capital wherewith to enter on his farm. There has been placed to his credit the money

value of what proportion of the regulation issue of military clothing his exercise of moderate care has absolved him from requiring, amounting, in his five years' service, to from one hundred to one hundred and sixty dollars. Inclusive of this, without hardship, he can have accumulated savings amounting to some six hundred dollars, a sum amply sufficient to stock his gratuitously acquired farm, to which, or to the place of his enlistment, he receives free transportation. If, again, he elects to make the army his profession, he may reënlist for successive terms of five years, while his physique holds good, receiving the pay of eighteen dollars a month from his first reënlistment. He may become a non-commissioned officer, with a maximum of twenty-seven dollars a month pay in the line, of thirty-nine dollars in the engineers, ordnance and signal corps. And if he aspire to commissioned rank, there is nothing utopian in such hope. "Meritorious non-commissioned officers," say the regulations, constitute one of the three sources from which commissioned officers are drawn. The "enlisted man" of the American army may attain any rank in that arm. The present Adjutant-General began his military career in this capacity, earning his promotion therefrom by gallantry in the Mexican war. It is the common belief in Europe that all officers of the American regular army are graduates of West Point; but this is quite an error. Take the cavalry arm, containing four hundred and thirty-two officers. Of this number, thirty-eight have been enlisted men, commissioned directly from the lower ranks of the regular army. But this in nowise represents the proportion of officers who have begun their military career as "enlisted men." Eighty first joined the army as private soldiers of volunteer regiments employed during the civil war. Thus of the four hundred and thirty-two cavalry officers in the American army, there are no fewer than one hundred and eighteen "rankers," as officers who have risen from the ranks are called in the British army. These American "rankers" do not people the lower grades, as is mostly the case with the British "ranker." There are one lieutenant-colonel, five majors, one chaplain, seventy-two captains, and thirty-nine lieutenants. And it must be noted that in the American cavalry there are no riding masters, who, in the British cavalry, are invariably "rankers," while all of the adjutants and quartermasters in the American cavalry commenced their military career as commissioned officers, in contradistinction to the

British custom of filling these appointments with officers promoted from the ranks. Thus the "ranker" officerhood of the American cavalry is swelled not at all by reason of promotion from the ranks to appointments, to fill which, in the British cavalry, quite three-fourths of the promotions of this description are made.

No army in the world presents to its soldiers advantages and opportunities comparable to these which I have set forth. The British army, like the American, goes into the open market for its recruits; but it bids much lower. The British private has his shilling a day nominally, besides his meager ration of three-quarters of a pound of meat, and one pound of bread; but he has to submit to deduction to supplement the inadequate ration, and for other purposes he has some further pence of good service pay when he earns the same. As a non-commissioned officer he can attain a maximum pay of about one dollar a day. And, excluding young gentlemen who of late have somewhat made a practice of using the ranks as a stepping-stone to a commission obtained by interest, he can attain commissioned rank in perhaps about one-quarter the proportion that obtains in the American army. Of the comparative advantages of commissioned rank in the two services, I shall speak presently. When he leaves the colors, the British soldier completes his term of enlistment in the reserve, receiving sixpence a day, and continuing liable to be called up for service on certain contingencies. It may be questioned whether his advantages as a reserve man are not fully set off by his obligations; anyhow his sixpence a day, with liability to active service, both lasting for a few years, cannot be put in the balance with the fee-simple of one hundred and sixty acres of free land, and freedom to till the same exempt from any military obligation whatsoever. The British private is yet to be found, who goes out into the world after one term of service with a hundred dollars in his pocket saved from his pay. If allowed to reënlist, and permission to reënlist is special, he receives two-pence a day more than in his first term. I think I have set forth his advantages, if curtly, at least fairly.

The British soldier deserts with considerable, and often indeed embarrassing freedom; and this for various reasons. Many men are professional deserters; others chafe under the discipline, which is undoubtedly firm; yet others desert with deliberate intent to better themselves; and others again from *ennui* of the

service, or because they think they cannot be worse off, and don't much care if they be. But why does the American soldier desert, when his advantages are so good? Seldom, I imagine, from sheer reckless devilry. In many cases, it is told to me that he enlists, simply to obtain transportation to the west, where he sees his chances as a civilian, and a civilian he becomes by the simple process of deserting. Again, the military posts out west are mostly in the vicinity of mining regions, where the temptation to be free to make fine earnings is rampant. No doubt the monotonous routine of military service chafes somewhat on the impulsive American nature, which prompts to change and motion. And again a plodding, moderate certainty does not commend itself greatly to the idiosyncrasy of the American, who emphatically craves to be "taking his chances"; and burns ever for a speculation, even should the basis of the speculation be, as it is with the deserter, a shrewd risk of Fort Leavenworth prison. It may be assumed also, that it is this reluctance on the part of the American to content himself on a certainty (unless, indeed, that certainty be the salary of a political appointment,) which deters recruits from crowding forward to grasp the unquestionable advantages of a spell of soldiering, and which impels so many soldiers to be satisfied with one term of enlistment. Foreigners are more fain to offer as recruits. Englishmen join the American army in considerable numbers, but by no means invariably of the right stamp. Men who have been deserters will be deserters again, and the ex-British soldier sighs for the once-accustomed racket of the garrison town; so that, if he does not desert, he rarely reënlists. The Germans come in increasing numbers, and are proner than men of any other nationality to make a career of the American army. The old-fashioned Irish sergeant reported to have been once common, who had learned his duty in the British army, and who was a model non-commissioned officer, firm, self-respecting, narrow, opinionative, is said to have now become rare.

Almost every saying that, because it seems apt, has become proverbial, involves a fallacy; and probably no dictum is more erroneous, in a sense, than the one which propounds that the British are not a military nation. There is a sense in which they are the most military of nations—and here occurs another paradox—because Napoleon was singularly correct when he called us "a nation of shop-keepers." The paradox reconciles itself in

that we deliberately trade!—and that, too, if I may venture on an Americanism, “for every cent it is worth,” and a good deal more into the bargain—on our military prestige, as comprised in traditions, in records of glories, in contemporary deeds of prowess. Our authorities show a certain astuteness, and achieve a marked financial economy, by abstaining from attaching ordinary business advantages and attractions to the military profession. That profession in England simply spells starvation, so far as its monetary aspect is concerned. His rations, indeed, avert starvation from the private soldier; but the poverty of the wage effectually keeps out of the ranks men who seek in an employment something more than the mere potentiality of obtaining existence by it. The pay of the British officer is utterly inadequate to his maintenance in any fashion other than as a genteel, and therefore doubly unfortunate pauper. If, then, the military profession in Great Britain strove to commend itself to attention as does any other avocation,—simply because of intrinsic and substantial advantages to be obtained in and by its pursuit,—it would attract no man who should realize his possession of a capacity to do better for himself. In other words, it would gather the mere débris of the nation.

But the astuteness of the British authorities, for many generations, has been adroitly directed to the successful effort of throwing a glamour over this profession—to the task, in other words, of getting a professional army on the cheap. There are men yet in the British army who were cajoled into it by the prate of the recruiting sergeant about military glory. His drums and fifes used to wheedle the villagers, and his streamers and gay uniform dazzle the senses of the bumpkins. He is a thing of the past, but his spirit still lingers. The spirit of martial buncombe still interpenetrates the British army, humbugging the nation into overlooking its hollowness as a rational industrial vocation. Each regiment has its colors blazoned with bygone victories, to the achievement of which it may or may not have contributed; recent campaigns, indeed, not being fruitful in victories of moment, have furnished additions to the bead-rolls on the silk in the shape of skirmishes, the casualties in which have been as petty as the results. Regiments are localized in name and home-station with intent to profit by the sentimental “county feeling” of the simple yokel; and many are dubbed with familiar nicknames, the martial associations cunningly

wreathed into which are calculated to tempt into their ranks vagrant votaries of the great god Mars, taken on trust. Medals are lavishly issued for campaigns in comparison with which a cowboys' vendetta, or the Texan raid into New Mexico, may come within the category of momentous wars. The Victoria Cross—a demoralizing distinction instituted to reward men for performing acts that ought to lie within their simple duty apart from the stimulus of any guerdon—is bestowed in a hap-hazard, dramatic fashion that inevitably lends itself to debasing intrigue and occasionally to a burlesque anti-climax, as in a recent instance of its bestowal on a parson for dragging some horses out of a ditch. But all the same, the Victoria Cross is not the least alluring of the baits thrown into the water to disguise the intrinsic poverty of the British military feeding-ground. Into the same category comes the copious flush of decorations scattered broadcast after every petty campaign; the substantial promotions and the inundation of brevets, which latter, unlike those of the American army, carry their relative army rank, although they do not affect intra-regimental position. Britain rings and thrills at a paltry success achieved by her scientifically armed troops over a gang of jingal-bearing or assegai-throwing savages, with considerably more effusion than Germany displayed on the news of Bourbaki's discomfiture, or Russia manifested when she heard how Gourko thrashed Mehemet Ali Pasha into the Rhodope Mountains. If Britain glorifies herself exceedingly on a successful skirmish of the character indicated, such is her military spirit under the judicious fostering of the authorities, that she esteems a reverse scarcely less glorious than a victory. She contrived to winnow some martial prestige out of the massacre of Isandula; after the first shock she preened herself complacently over some mitigating circumstances in the discreditable fiasco of Kuski-na-Kund, and she has smiled encouragingly on the efforts of one regiment to furbish up a spurious laurel out of the wretched rout of Majuba Hill. The head of the realm is wont to telegraph her unfaltering confidence in commander and commanded after a reverse, with as punctual monotony as she transmits her congratulations on a success. In fine, those who sway Britain and that Britain which is swayed by them, combine to exalt the military profession into the position of a profession *d'élite*; essaying to feed with sugar-plums men for whom the profession purveys very scanty fare of

any other description. To speak colloquially, Britain "runs" a professional army on what would be a dry crust, but that it is larded with empty honors and some social prestige.

The American army is run on a wholly opposite basis. The initial stand-point taken in regard to it seems to be that soldiering shall differ from no other calling in being a business-like, adequately remunerated avocation. How the lower ranks are paid has been already shown. A second lieutenant in the American infantry commences on an annual income of fourteen hundred dollars, increasing by ten per cent. annually, for each five years' service in the same grade, until an increase of forty per cent. has been reached. The corresponding pay in the British army is less than five hundred dollars a year — barely enough to pay the mess bill. A captain in the American army enjoys an income of two thousand dollars a year, increasing ten per cent. for each five years of service in that rank. Captain de Boots of Her Majesty's Plungers might contemplate with more indifference the shrinkage in the parental rent-roll could he find himself in possession of a professional income of four hundred pounds a year, increasing by quinquennial installments of forty pounds each. A colonel in the American service draws an annual revenue of three thousand five hundred dollars, rising by quinquennial installments to four thousand four hundred and eighty dollars. A major-general has seven thousand five hundred dollars. All these incomes are exclusive of quarters, fuel, and forage, on at least as liberal a scale as that in effect in the British army. The spirit pervading the pay-scale of the officerhood of the American army is that he who selects it as his profession shall have an adequate income on which to live, no matter what his rank, an income yielded by his profession reasonably on a par with the professional incomes of other callings throughout the republic; whereas the key-note to the English scale is that private resources must supplement the inadequate professional pittance. There is no reason why the American officer, even of the junior ranks, cannot effect savings from his pay. Indeed, it has been told to me on good authority that when on service west of the Missouri "he cannot help saving, unless he drinks or gambles."

Nor is the American army a profession out of which a man who becomes incompetent for service because of old age, wounds, or ill health, is thrust out into the cold world without provision. Its "retired pay" is unique in the liberality of it; and this sure

provision amply compensates for any inadequacy which may be apparent between the service pay and the incomes yielded by successful devotion to civilian avocations. The Railroad King or the Wall street man may wax, but he may also wane; in this country of uncertainties the millionaire of yesterday may be penniless to-morrow, and the next day in the poor-house or the gutter. The officer on service, with his moderate but adequate pay, as stable as the republic itself, need blanch under no financial vicissitudes. He may look forward without a quake for him or his, to broken health or to the evening of his life. A second lieutenant, invalided already during the first five years of his service, receives as "retired pay" for the rest of his life \$1,050 a year. A major, in similar conditions, receives a life pension of \$2,250 a year; if he has "put in" twenty years' service in that grade, his pension is \$3,000 a year. I do not ask the British boy-subaltern, his health permanently shattered by a campaign in Ashantee or Afghanistan, to fancy himself the life-possessor of a pension of £210 a year; or the grizzled major, worn out by long and hard soldiering, to conceive his retirement on the comfortable income of £600 a year. Imagination can undergo only a certain strain. But what for the British officer would be an inconceivable chimera, is for the American officer a pleasant, matter-of-fact reality. Uncle Sam is chary of hollow honors; he has not his hands full of twopenny-halfpenny medals and obsolete crosses, to fling as dust into the eyes of his sons; but he pays them fairly while they serve him, and he retires them to decent and self-respecting competency.

But if Uncle Sam is a good paymaster, he in nowise believes in throwing his money away. He will have his fair day's work for his fair day's wage. And he keeps only hands enough to do that work, so that the American army is not cumbered by a throng of idle generals, incompetent for command, yet crowding the roster for promotion; and of half-pay officers, who do not care for or who cannot find employment. He employs no more hands than he can utilize; and when a man is no more fit for work he has to accept his retirement, with its decorous allowance. He considers that he pays a man well enough to do his duty; he holds that that duty includes the best and fullest the man can do. Therefore, he holds forth to him no store of honors and lavish advancement as the reward for the duty-doing; and if he fails therein, he gets scant indulgence. Uncle Sam does not spend

much time in inventing excuses for short-comings. His axiom is a roughly practical one—"Merit and success are synonymous; failure spells incompetence." In all this he differs utterly from his cousin, Dame Britannia. Her army is not a business profession; and so she cannot deal with it on business principles. She must stand by her failures; she must not own to herself that they are failures; she must bolster them up with a quaint, stolid, almost pathetic constancy, although the world laughs at her and them. The story of the Crimean war is studied thick with failures who were left unbeheaded because of unbusiness-like tenderness for men belonging to a profession which is not conducted on business-like principles. Sir Richard England, the hero of the arm-chair in the Hykulzie Pass, the passive recipient from the gallant Nott of taunts that might have stung an æsthetic apostle into manliness, lived to command and to bedevil a division before Sevastopol. On Lord Chelmsford rested the responsibility of the mismanagement that resulted in the catastrophe of Isandula, and that officer owned his incompetence to undertake the responsibility of subsequent operations and prayed to be relieved therefrom; but even such an appeal as this was overruled and he was retained in command to prolong and leave unfinished a business of which his incapacity is the most abiding memory. Contrast such things with certain episodes of the American civil war. McClellan indeed got a long rope; but how short was the rope accorded to Pope, who came east with a meritorious record earned in the west, and against whose chances of success before Washington a concourse of circumstances combined. A single battle, which was simply not a success, sufficed to roll Hooker's head in the saw-dust. The history of that war is strewn with a litter of commanders who ceased to command for the simple reason that they did not succeed. Again, command to a British officer, whether he achieves failure or success, invariably results in something advantageous. He is never disgraced; he frequently is promoted; he always is decorated. England became a K. C. B. and got a division; Chelmsford was made a G. C. B., and his friends were chagrined that he was not made a lieutenant-general; Peacock, who marched three miles in as many months, was made a C. M. G., rather a feeble testimonial of merit, and nevertheless a compliment. Pope I find to-day a brigadier-general in substantive rank; he was a major-general by brevet twenty years

ago. Meade, who won Gettysburg, the most momentous battle of modern times, and who technically commanded the Army of the Potomac when Lee surrendered to it, died a major-general. Compare with Meade's scantiness of reward, and with Hancock's simple major-general's command of to-day, the honors heaped on Sir Garnet Wolseley for the Ashantee expedition — a creditable affair, doubtless, but *pace* the British Lion, scarcely comparable with Gettysburg. Three men of all the chiefs engaged in the American civil war have attained exceptional, two, previously unexampled, honors; with these exceptions, and with three others, (the existing major-generals who hold to-day the rank they then held) all others still in service are occupying positions of marked military inferiority to those they filled nearly a score of years ago. Warren and Parke were corps commanders in the war; to-day they are doing duty as lieutenant-colonels of engineers. Gilmore nineteen years ago was in independent command, with the rank of major-general, of operations against Charleston; and the reduction of Fort Wagner, Morris Island and Sumter, ranks in intrinsic magnitude above any military operation in which Great Britain has been engaged since the Crimean War, if Lucknow and Delhi be excepted; yet Gilmore to-day is serving as a lieutenant-colonel of engineers.

P. St. George Cook entered the American army in 1827. He saw service in Mexico during the civil war, and on the Plains against the Indians, and he earned the rank of brevet major-general. This veteran joined the retired list in 1873, after a service of over forty-five years, and the grade on which he retired was that of a brigadier-general. Had he been a British officer, he would ere now have survived into the rank of field-marshal. William C. Bartlett appears in the "Army Register" as a lieutenant in the Third Infantry; his brevet as brigadier-general of Volunteers is dated seventeen years ago. Such curiosities, from a British view-point, as these, were brought about by the return to a peace footing after the great war. But no return of a British army to a peace footing would ever have brought general officers back to regimental service. They would have retired, or hung around on half-pay waiting to be absorbed. Sir Evelyn Wood had only local rank as a general officer until the other day; but after Kambula he never would have been relegated to the command of the Ninetieth Infantry.

An English reader may object that the American instances

just cited spring out of an exceptional and unparalleled event. But the present has its instances in support of my contrast, equally with the past. America sent as its military attache to the Russian army for the campaign of '77-'78, a young engineer lieutenant. That officer had to struggle against the disadvantages incident to the inferiority of his rank. But he did honor to his country and its army by writing the standard history of the Russo-Turkish war, a work of so great merit that the Russian general staff has adopted it as an obligatory study for its aspirants—a work that has become the text-book of that war to every student of the art military. To-day this officer is plodding along in the rank he held before the American subaltern took rank among the military historians of the world. The Russian Emperor had conferred on him not a few medals and decorations, some in appreciation of his knowledge of his profession, others in compliment to that personal courage of which his constant presence in the forefront of operations was fruitful in occasions for the proof. But these, in its austerity, the nation through its Congress has denied him the privilege of wearing. England also had a military attaché with the Russians—an officer whose rank was that of captain and lieutenant-colonel in the Guards. He wrote no history of the war; but his services were rewarded with a full colonelcy in the army, overstepping one hundred and twenty seniors; an appointment as aid-de-camp to the Queen; the position of first secretary to the Vienna Embassy; and permission to wear the order conferred on him by the Russian Emperor. The Abyssinian expedition was almost exclusively an affair of commissariat, supplies, and transportation; a medal was granted for it, but the fighting done in it was infinitesimal. For his successful conduct of this operation a British general was made a peer; received a money grant, the thanks of Parliament, and other honors and rewards. The officer who in his capacity of quartermaster-general so organized and carried out the system of supplying the Federal armies throughout the whole of the civil war, that scarcity was only twice known and that plenty all but universally reigned, held that honorable and onerous position for twenty years with the rank of a brigadier-general; and when he retired the other day, had his major-general's brevet converted into substantive rank for retirement purposes, as an exceptional honor accorded only in recognition of a career so meritorious.

I have left myself scant space in which to speak of the equip-

ment of the American soldier for active service; and this is a part of the subject which is more suited for a professional journal than for a publication of general circulation. A few words of detail may be ventured on. At the first glance, an English cavalry officer, accustomed to the polish and trimness of his own command, might be excused for standing aghast in horror at the aspect of such a squadron of horsemen as that which I saw on parade at Camp Cumming, ready in every item for active service. The accouterments of Turkish Tcherkesses were scarcely dingier. What in the British army is known as "smartness," was here clearly no object. But, as the impression of slovenliness wore off, it became apparent that to the minutest detail everything was contrived for and subordinated to practical utility. The horses were stout, hard, active and wiry, accustomed to endure hardship, and to graze, and stand quiet when picketed. The saddles were of the McClellan pattern, light, saving of the horses' backs, and easy for the rider. The kit — carried in small, pendulous saddlebags slung behind the cantle — was cut down to actual necessities, but no necessities for sensible campaigning were lacking. The arms were essentially practical, — no saber, a Smith and Wesson revolver, a Hotchkiss magazine carbine (seven cartridges), sighted to fourteen hundred yards, and carried conveniently on the saddle. Ammunition for the carbine (sixty rounds), carried in a most useful and accessible waist-belt something like a bandolier; the revolver ammunition (thirty-six rounds), carried in a less satisfactory waist-belt that might usefully be replaced by breast-receptacles on the Circassian plan. Men, lean, wiry, tough-looking fellows, wearing clothes there could be no fear of spoiling, adepts by training in the rough border skirmish work that constitutes warfare in the "Territories," individually and collectively self-reliant. The average weight carried by horse (trooper and equipment in complete marching order prepared to take the trail right off the parade-ground) two hundred and twenty-five pounds — sixteen stone English — being about three stone less weight than that carried by the British troop-horse under similar conditions. The American cavalry formation is in "rank entire," on the parade-ground; on service in the comparatively rare experience of charging mounted, its formation was succinctly described to me as "devil take the hindmost"; but fighting with the Indians is almost invariably done dismounted. Supplies for thirteen days are carried on mules which accompany the column, reserves

following on wagons. In fine, a detachment of American cavalry on march might, to the European conversant with standing armies, bear a suspicious resemblance to banditti ; but it is carefully equipped for the kind of service on which it is employed, and possesses a practical adaptability that would probably occasion some astonishment in another kind of warfare, on the part of more conventional cavalry fresh from the barrack-yard. To the infantry, *mutatis mutandis*, applies much that has been said of the cavalry. It marches light, unincumbered by knapsacks ; it carries the ammunition purposefully in the waist-belt ; it does not bother with the bayonet incumbrance. It is armed with the Springfield rifle, a strong-shooting, far-carrying weapon ; it wears neither stock nor standing collar ; it has the helmet for hot weather ; and its boots are susceptible of improvement.

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